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Dialogue between a member of parliament and
his servant

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT,

AND

His SERVANT.

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DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT

AND

His SERVANT.

In IMITATION of the

Seventh Satire of the Second Book of *HORACE.*

Quid Leges *ſine Moribus*
Vanæ proficiunt ? HOR.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, *Eſq;*

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully*'s-Head in *Pall-mall*; and ſold by M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter row.* 1752.

HORATII.

Lib. II. Satira VII.

Davus.

JAmdudum auſculto, & cupiens tibi dicere ſervus
Pauca, reformido.

Hor. *Davuſne?*

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A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER of PARLIAMENT, and his SERVANT.

Servant.

LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme
A gen'ral Reformation-ſcheme,
To keep the Poor from ev'ry ſin,
From Gaming, Murther, and from Gin.
And now have I no leſs an itch
To venture to Reform the Rich.

 M. What,

865378

Hor. *Davuſne ?* D. *Ita, Davus, amicum*
Mancipium domino, & frugi, quod ſit ſatis ; hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes. H. *Age, libertate Decembri*
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere : narra.
D. *Pars hominum vitiis gaudet conſtanter, & urget*
Propoſitum : pars multa natat ; modo recta capeſſens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modo leva Priſcus inani.
Vixit inequalis, clavum ut mutaret in horas :
Ædibus ex magnis ſubito ſe conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeſtè :

Jam

M. What, *John !* are you too turn'd projector ?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For ſince a Member, as 'tis ſaid,
His projects to his ſervants read,
And of a fav'rite ſpeech a book made,
With which he tir'd each night a Cook-maid,
And ſo it hapt that ev'ry morning
The taſteleſs creatures gave him warning.
Since thus we uſe 'em, tis but reaſon
We hear our ſervants in their ſeaſon.
Begin. *S.* Like gamblers, half mankind
Perſiſt in conſtant vice combin'd.
In races, routs, the ſtews, and White's,
Paſs all their days and all their nights.
Others again, like Lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, dreſt and curl'd,
And one amongſt the wicked world :
Keeps her account exactly even,
As thus : Prue Creditor to Heaven :

Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere ; Vertumnis, quotquot ſunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, poſtquam illi juſta chiragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro ſe tolleret, atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit : quanto conſtantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miſer ac prior illo,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

To Sermons heard on Extra-days.
Debtor : To maſquerades and plays.
Item : To Whitfield, half an hour :
Per Contra : To the Colonel, Four.

Others, I ſay, paſs half their time
In Folly, Idleneſs or Crime ;
Then all at once their zeal grows warm,
And ev'ry throat reſounds Reform.

A Lord his youth in ev'ry vice
Indulg'd, but chief in Drabs and Dice.
Till worn by age, diſeaſe, and gout :
Then Nature modeſtly gave out.
Not ſo my Lord ---- who ſtill, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling Dice and Doxy.

I laud this Conſtant Wretch's ſtate
And pity all who fluctuate ;
Prefer this ſlave to dear Back-gammon,
To thoſe who ſerve both God and Mammon :
To thoſe who take ſuch pains to awe
The Nation's vices by the *Law*,
Yet while they draw their bills ſo ample,
Neglect the influence of *Example*.

H. *Non dices hodie, quorſum hæc tam putida tendunt,*
Furcifer? D. *Ad te, inquam.* H. *Quo pacto, peſſime?* D. *Laudas*
Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus ſubito te agat, uſque recuſes:
Aut quia non ſentis, quod clamas, rectius eſſe;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis; & hæres,
Nequicquam cæno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas, abſentem ruſticus urbem
Tollis ad aſtra levis: ſi muſquam es ſortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas ſecurum olus, at velut uſquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amaſque,
Quod nuſquam tibi ſit potandum. Juſſerit ad ſe
Mæcænas ſerum ſub lumina prima venire
Convivam, Nemon' oleum feret ocyus? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, furiſque.

Milvius

M. To whom d'ye preach this ſenſeleſs ſermon?
S. To you, good Sir. *M.* To Me, ye Vermin?
S. To you, who ev'ry day profeſs
T' admire the times of good Queen Beſs,
But yet your Heart ſincerer praiſe
Beſtows on theſe or Charles's days:
You ſtill approve ſome abſent place
(The preſent's ever in diſgrace.)
And, ſuch your ſpecial inconſiſtence,
Make the chief merit in the diſtance,
If e'er you miſs a ſupper-card
(Tho' all the while you think it hard)
You're all for ſolitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air and elbow room:
No Priſon like a crouded Drum.
But ſhould you meet her Grace's ſummons
In full committee of the Commons,
Tho' well you know her crouded houſe
Will ſcarce contain another mouſe,
You quit the buſineſs of the nation,
And Brethren of the Reformation.

Milvius & ſcurræ, tibi non referenda precati
Diſcedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem : naſum nidore ſupinor :
Imbecillus, iners, ſi quid vis, adde popino.
Tu cùm ſis quod ego, & fortaſſis nequior, ultrò
Inſectere velut melior, verbiſque decoris
Obvolvas vitium ? quid, ſi me ſtultior ipſo
Quingentis empto drachmis deprenderis ? Auſer
Me vultu terrere : manum ſtomachumque teneto,
Dum quæ Criſpini docuit me janitor, edo.

Te

Tho' —— begs you'll ſtay and vote
And zealous - - - - - tears your coat.
You damn your coachman, ſtorm and ſtare ;
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good now hold
Your hand awhile : I've been ſo bold
To paint your Follies ; now I'm in,
Let's have a Word or two on Sin.
Laſt Night I heard a learned Poulterer
Lay down the Law againſt th' Adulterer :
And let me tell you, Sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well ! you may laugh at Robin-Hood :
I wiſh your ſtudies were as good.
From *Mandeville* you take your Morals :
Your Faith from Controverſial quarrels ;
But ever lean to thoſe who ſcribble
Their crudities againſt the Bible ;
Yet tell me I ſhall crack my brain
With hearing Henley or Romaine.
Deſerves that Critick moſt rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,

Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum :
Peccat uter noſtrum cruce dignius ? acris ubi me
Natura incendit ; ſub clarâ nuda lucernâ
Quæcunque excepit turgentis verbera caudæ,
Dimittit, neque famoſum, neque ſollicitum, ne
Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu cum, projectis inſignibus, annulo equeſtri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obſcurante lacernâ,
Non es quod ſimulas ? metuens induceris, atque
Altercante libidinibus tremis oſſa pavore.

Quid

Who deems it, with ſome wild Fanatics,
The only School of Mathematics?
Or he, who making grave Profeſſion,
To lay aſide all Prepoſſeſſion,
Calls it a Bookſeller's Edition
Of Maim'd Records and Vague Tradition?
You covet, Sir, your neighbour's goods:
I take a *Piece* at Peter Wood's;
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honor,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of Richer Culls, or Prettier Fellows.
But you, the grave and ſage Reformer,
Muſt go by Stealth to meet your charmer;
Muſt change your Star and ev'ry note
Of honor for a Bear-ſkin coat.
That Legiſlative head ſo wiſe
Muſt ſtoop to baſe and mean diſguiſe.
Some Abigail muſt then receive you,
Brib'd by the Huſband to deceive you.

Quid refert uri virgis, ferroque necari ?
Auctoratus eas ; an turpi clauſus in arcâ,
Quò te demiſit peccati conſcia herilis,
Contractum genïbus tangas caput ?
Ibis ſub furcâ prudens, dominoque furenti
Committes rem omnem, & vitam, & cum corpore famam.
Evâſti ? credo metues, doctuſque cavebis.
Quæres quando iterùm paveas, iterumque perire
Poſſis. O toties ſervus ! quæ bellua ruptis
Cùm ſemel effugit, reddit ſe prava catenis ?
Non ſum mœchus, ais : neque ego hercule fur, ubi vaſa
Prætereo ſapiens argentea : tolle periclum,
Jam vaga proſiliet frenis natura remotis,
Tunc mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
Tot tantiſque minor ; quem ter vindicta quaterque
Impoſita haud unquam miſerâ formidine privet ?
Adde ſupradictis, quod non levius valeat. Nam
Sive vicarius eſt, qui ſervo paret, uti mos
Veſter ait, ſeu conſervus ; tibi quid ſum ego ? nempè
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis ſervis miſer, atque
Ducceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.

She ſpies Cornuto on the ſtairs:
Wakes you; then melted by your Pray'rs,
Yields, if with greater bribe you aſk it,
To pack your Worſhip in the baſket.
Laid Neck and Heels true Falſtaff-faſhion;
There form new ſchemes of Reformation.
Thus 'ſcap'd the murd'ring Huſband's fury,
Or thumping fine of Cuckold Jury;
Henceforth, in mem'ry of your danger,
You'll live to all intrigues a ſtranger.
No; ere you've time for this reflection;
Some new debauch is in projection.
And for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, tho' ſo great, ſo grave,
Nay! wonder not, an abject ſlave.
As much a ſlave as I; nay more;
I ſerve one maſter, you a ſcore.
And as your various paſſions rule,
By turns are twenty Tyrants' Fool.

H. *Quiſnam igitur liber ?* D. *Sapiens, ſibique imperioſus :*
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent :
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis ; & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari.
In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna. Poteſne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noſcere ? Quinque talenta
Poſcit te mulier, vexat, foribuſque repulſum
Perfundit gelidâ ; rurſùs vocat. Eripe turpi
Colla jugo. Liber, liber ſum, dic age. Non quis ;

Urget

M. Who then is free? *S.* The Wiſe alone,
Who only bows to Reaſon's throne;
Whom neither Want, nor Death, nor Chains,
Nor ſubtle Perſecutor's pains,
Nor Honors, Wealth, nor Luſt can move
From Virtue and his Country's Love.
Self-guarded like a globe of ſteel,
External inſults can he feel?
Or ere preſent one weaker part
To Fortune's moſt inſidious dart.
Much honor'd Maſter, may you find
Theſe wholeſome ſymptoms in your mind.
Can you be free while paſſions rule you?
While women ev'ry moment fool you?
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of ev'ry doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you?
Convinc'd by ev'ry new diſaſter,
You ſerve a more deſpotic maſter.

Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres
Subjectat laſſo ſtimulos, verſatque negantem.
Vel cùm Pauſiacâ torpes, inſane, tabellâ,
Qui peccas minùs atque ego, cum Fulvi, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut ſi
Re vera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
Arma viri? Nequam & ceſſator Davus: at ipſe
Subtilis veterum judex & callidus audis.
Nil ego, ſic ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cœnis reſponſat opimis.
Obſequium ventris mihi perniciоſius eſt cur?
Tergo plector enim: quî tu impunitior, illa,

Quæ

Say can your pride or folly ſee
Such diff'rence 'twixt yourſelf and me?
Shall you be ſtruck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I ſtop to ſtare at prints?
Diſpos'd along th' extenſive glaſs
They catch and hold me ere I paſs.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I ſee the very ſtage they fought on:
The Bruiſers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I'm a loit'rer, to be ſure,
You a great Judge and Conoiſſeur.
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With coſtly banquet at Vaux-hall,
And yet prohibit earlier ſuppers
At Kilbourn, Sadlers-wells, or Cuper's?
Are theſe leſs innocent in fact,
Or only made ſo by the Act?

Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, cùm obſonio captas?
Nempè inamareſcunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ,
Illuſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
Corpus. An hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uvâ
Furtivam mutat ſtrigiliem? Qui prædia vendit,
Nil ſervile gulæ parens habet? Adde quod idem

Non

Thoſe who † contribute to the tax
On tea and chocolate and wax,
With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauſeate what they eat for fame,
Of theſe the Houſes take no knowledge
But leave them fairly to the College.
Oh! ever proſper their endeavours
To aid your Dropſies, Gouts and Fevers.
Can it deem'd a ſhame or ſin
To pawn my livery for gin,
While Bonds and Mortgages at White's
Shall raiſe your fame with Arthur's Knights?
Thoſe worthies ſeem to ſee no ſhame in,
Nor ſtrive to paſs a ſlur on Gaming;
But rather to deviſe each Seſſion
Some law in honor o' th' profeſſion.

Leſt

† It was urged in the Petitions of ſome of the Houſes of Publick Entertainment, that the Suppreſſion of them might greatly diminiſh the Duties on Tea, Chocolate, and Wax-Lights.

Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia recte
Ponere ; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro ;
Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam,
Fruſtrà : nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem. 115

Leſt ſordid hands or vulgar place
The noble myſt'ry ſhould debaſe;
Leſt ragged ſcoundrels in an alehouſe,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
Or boys the ſacred rites profane
With orange barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labors
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the Gambler, and prevent his
Confed'rate arts to gull the prentice;
Unleſs you could yourſelf deſiſt
From Hazard, Faro, Brag, and Whiſt?
Unleſs your Philoſophic Mind
Can from within amuſement find,
And give at once to uſe and pleaſure
That truly precious time, your leiſure.
In vain your buſy Thoughts prepare
Deceitful Sepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the ſparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or ſooths the ſoul—

H. *Unde mihi lapidem?* D. *Quorsùm eſt opus?* H. *Unde ſagittas?* D. *Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit.* H. *Ocyùs hinc te Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.*

F I N I S.

M. Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger ?
I'll teach you to provoke my anger.
S. Heyday ! my maſter's brain is crackt !
Or elſe he's making ſome new Act.
M. To ſet ſuch Rogues as you to Work,
Perhaps, * or ſend you to the Turk.

* Among the many projects for the puniſhment of Rogues, it has been frequently propos'd to ſend them in exchange for Engliſh Slaves in Algiers.

FINIS.

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